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any new problem until they see the bearing of every part? Is not their superiority over their fellows entirely attributable to their superior power of analysis? And is not this the very characteristic of a true thinker; of him who never develops abstract and curious theories; never expects to find the universal solvent; never forgets the aid to be derived from the suggestions and criticisms of even the most ignorant; of him who considers all that is truly useful as the result of thought—utilized thought—and who always seeks the fundamental truth, neglecting the merely accidental accessories?

It is true that most men will be either actors or dreamers; it is true that even the thinker may not find his development co-ordinate and harmonious; but it is also true that the thinker can develop the active side so as to realize his thoughts and reach the highest eminence; that he will be conscious of an universal adaptability, and that he can compete successfully with those whose experience is more extensive, but necessarily not so profound. Doubtless the thinker is less common than the visionary, whether the latter be a student or a man of action; but all the great "practical" men of the world, those who have added to our wealth either material or intellectual, all these men have been *thinkers*.

HE IS NOT FAR.

By JOHN WESS.

"'Now, it seems, he wishes to go away in search of life's good.' 'But isn't that just what the old crone did?' 'The old crone?' 'Yes; she who went away to fetch the sunshine, instead of making windows in the wall to let it in.' — BRONSON'S "*ANNA*."

Not far? Is, then, the mole's our plight,
Whose burrowing makes no claim on light?
Not far? Then why appears the Whole
Scarce ankle-deep to wading soul?
Why have an eye whose orbit takes
All orbs, nor spills a drop, nor shakes
When all the waves of distance lap
Its brim? Why strings that never snap
When hearts explore their own recess
Of Love, to find it fathomless?
Why rated in the hold so high,

With minnows in a pool to ply?
To dangle chafing at the wharf
In tides around the keel that scoff!
They ebb, as dogs that fain would lure
Their masters toward a game secure.
See how they fawn, and run before!
Up anchor; let us leave the shore.

Cast loose, and lifted o'er the bar,
Thought went elate from star to star.
As children drop and lift the hook
Before the poises in a brook,
My bait to every glittering scale
I hung, nor did one venture fail.
All night I drew them to my boat,
My mood, built on the dark to float:
From shoals that 'round Orion feed,
And fainter fires we scarce surmise,
They brood so deep we cannot heed,—
The plummet floats before they rise.
And scales that shed a shier ray
Off land no mortal foot can keep,
This time upon my deck they lay—
The midnight's litter; gunwale deep
My mood, ill-built for such surprise,
Went staggering through the fertile skies.
How name and how appraise the spoil?
The slippery hints, the vague turmoil;
Feeling that cannot grow to thought,
Can scarce to prophecy be brought,
And thoughts that come half-made from hope,
Yet back again to guesses grope:
And longings to express the Whole
That find the Least too far a goal:
The mind's demand that all the deep
Shall come and in its shallows creep,
Run up the creeks of all its names,
And lap its blazons and its blames:
The tender afterthoughts that yield
To God His Kosmos unrevealed:
The thirst that drinks this tenderness
In rage the Godhead to possess;
The hungry gaze that cannot sup
Except it swallow planets up;
The drooping lid of each relapse
From Must and Shall to faint Perhaps;
The calm that God, to ease my dearth,
Has borrowed from a silent earth,
And strengthened from a silent sky,
From worlds that roll without a sigh,
From silence that is space itself,—
All this, my spoil, my midnight pelf,

My moment of possession,—how
To sort my creels and clear my bow!

No need; the happy strike pursue;
It is myself that leaps to view:
My waiting is the firmament,
Its floating prey is each intent.
Not every night so glittering charms
My being into Being's arms,
Nor often do the shoals so thrive
That keep my winter lamp alive.
For God, who 's neither near nor far,
I trolling go from star to star.

Which of them all some day will be
The harbor of my liberty,
With piers by deep-sea-fishing piled,
By deeper tales my rest beguiled:
Among these sands of suns above
Where shall my anchor cease to rove?
My keel upon Orion grate,
Or by that speck of older date?
Quick—let the God within divine
The shore that some day shall be mine.
My thoughts to yearning all have fled
To know my palace overhead,
A vault that shall not pinch the brain,
Demesnes with weather void of pain,
With scents from an immortal sod
At windows open wide to God.

Oh, now my luck began to fail:
Some shivering prose athwart the gale
That fed my course, to baffle crept;
By better self no longer kept,
Myself declined the mystic way:
Or was 't the breaking of the day
That bade my selfish dream begone?
With golden prow against the morn
The earth went glorying, o'er the sky
The freshet of the light was high;
The stars at which I touched were drowned,
In all the galaxy no ground;
Upon the morning-moon the blue
Broke, running up the yellow strand,
And left, of all her midnight hue,
But one faint curve whereon to stand.
To this my reverie fled—in vain;
This, too, submerged th' unbitted main.
And back to earth my scurrying mood,
Spoils dropping o'er the amplitude
To bribe pursuit, came, hot to feel

Home's threshold underneath the keel.
 But, anchored at the garden-gate,
 My soul, repair thy damaged freight;
 Morning's the current in the street,
 My dreams are not so fair, so fleet;
 Their dew was death-damp—feel the sun
 Tear off each glister, one by one:
 Of all my midnight waifs bereft—
 Save faith in daylight—that is left.
 The mystic eyes for God that glowed,
 Now see Him coming down the road;
 He is the green in every blade,
 The health in every boy and maid,
 In yonder sunrise-flag He blooms
 Above a nation's well-carved tombs:
 That empty sleeve His arm contains,
 That blushing scar His anger drains.
 That flaunting cheek beneath the lamp
 He hoists for succor from a heart
 Where Love maintains a wasted camp
 Till Love arrive to take its part.
 This bloodless face against the pane
 Goes whitening all the murky street
 With His own dread, lest hunger gain
 Upon His love's woe-burdened feet.
 The freedman's knock His errand brings,
 The nurse's plea His mercy sings:
 My daughter's phrases from His lips
 Their sweetness steal, and 'tis His hand
 Thrills through her rosy finger-tips
 To wake me, as light wakes the land.
 He is the friend to whom I cling:
 The rifled bee that sheathes its sting
 In rifled sweets: the rose is He
 That's sucked to sweetness by the bee.
 With every maid He loves to sit,
 His beauties in her color flit,
 His guilelessness that plots when she
 A man enslaves to set Him free.

The eagle's talon-glance the sun
 May seize, but cannot sweep away
 For stars to tread their maze at noon:
 Their partners in the twilight stray,
 To whisper whither light has fled:
 With spies on God consort no more
 In hope by hide and seek to catch:
 Thy vigils leave, and leave thy bed:
 Behold, His hand is on the door,
 And fumbles at thy rusty latch.